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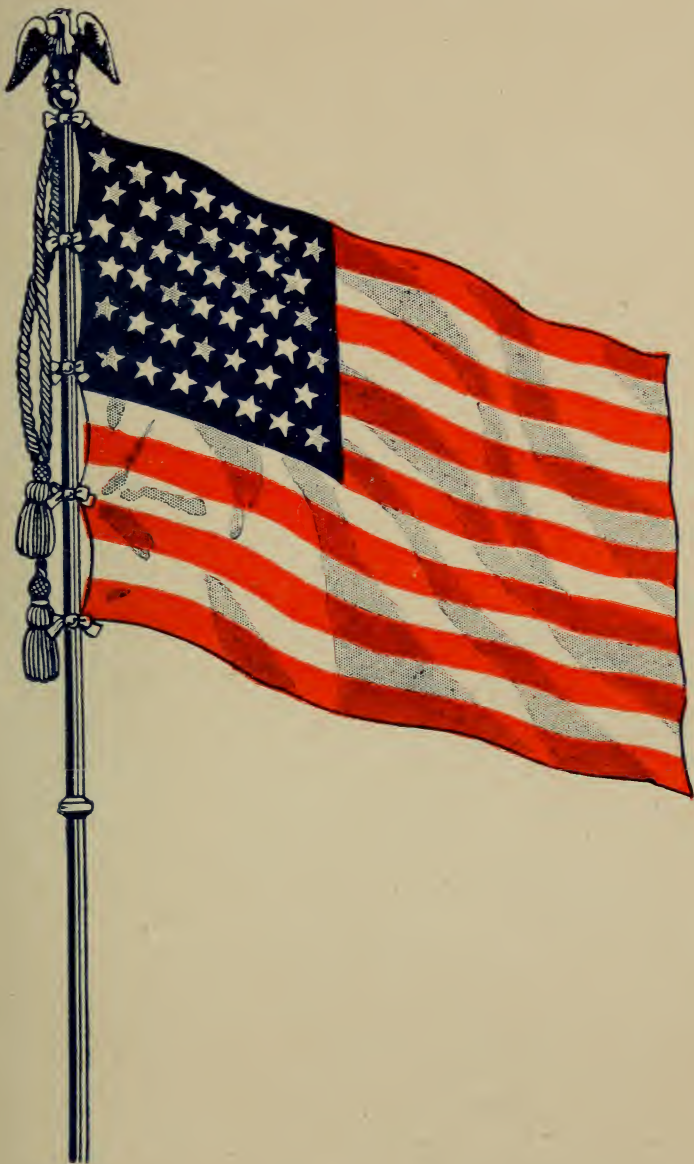








**THE COLORS
OF THE REPUBLIC**



THE COLORS OF THE REPUBLIC

BY

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“The typical American is he who, whether rich or poor, whether dwelling in the North, South, East, or West, whether scholar, professional man, merchant, manufacturer, farmer, or skilled worker for wages, lives the life of a good citizen and good neighbor; who believes loyally and with all his heart in his country’s institutions, and in the underlying principles on which these institutions are built; who directs both his private and his public life by sound principles; who cherishes high ideals; and who aims to train his children for a useful life and for their country’s service.”—*President Butler*.

“O Beautiful! my Country!

What words divine of lover or of poet

Could tell our love and make thee know it,

Among the nations bright beyond compare?

What were our lives without thee?

What all our lives to save thee?

We reck not what we gave thee;

We will not dare to doubt thee,

But ask whatever else, and we will dare!”

—*Lowell*.



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COLORS play a large part in Nature. They also play a large part in the life of the individual, of the nation, and of the Church. The average man may not be conscious of their value. Scarlet may indeed "sound like a trumpet" to Helen Keller with her exquisite sensibilities; the colors of Our Lady's coat may be to William Morris "something better than good news"; Stephen Phillips may burst into an irrational rapture about "that bluer blue," that "greener green." But most of us continue to

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walk unscathed among furnaces of color. We are like Peter Bell:

“In vain, through every changeful year
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by the river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

But it is something more. Yellow is something more, as witness the phrase “a streak of yellow” or “yellow journalism” or “a yellow dog.” Indeed Mr. Havelock Ellis has written a fascinating article on the psychology of yellow in which he shows the influence of Christianity in dethroning this color of the pagan gods in favor of the darker end of the spectrum.

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The Church colors speak a language of their own:

VIOLET

“As if she would confess
How fragrant is humility, how great
The power of the imperial estate
Of penitence.
In this her abject hour is on her set
The purple of her Lord’s magnificence.”

WHITE

“Since He is at her side,
And she—child, sister, bride!—
White-frocked may run
All merry to His praise
And sing her *Gaudeamus* in the sun.”

RED

“That cries, ‘The heavenly seed
Upon whose mystic fruit the soul shall feed
In blood is planted, and with blood embued.

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Red as a wound the piercing Spirit's path;
By death is life renewed.' ”

GREEN

“When
Every quickened branch and twig receives
The garlanded delight of budding leaves.”
“*Green* on her bough the tendril clings;
But *purple* is the fruit upon her vine,
White shines the Bread of Angels, as a rose
Red is her wine.”

Now the national colors, too, are rich with significance. A flag is something more than an ornament; it is, to use the glowing words of Bishop Brent, “a symbol of the past and future, of achievement and responsibility, of history and inspiration. If it is rich in glory, it is also crammed with risks—the boast of

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yesterday, the hope of to-morrow.”


Surely it is not mere national prejudice which sees in our own Stars and Stripes a standard of surpassing beauty. The other day we were talking with a missionary from Central China,—talking of the orient, of the Chinese people, of the quaint complexities of their language, of the estimate they place upon the western peoples. He told us how they called England “the land of the brave,” and Germany “the land of virtue,” and France “the land of law.” “And what,” we eargerly inquired, “is their name for America?” His reply came as a thrilling surprise: “Why, America,” said he, “they call ‘The Land of the Beautiful Flag!’ ”



RED FOR WAR

RED is the color of war. In the vision of the seer at Patmos "there went out another horse that was red, and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth and that they should kill one another, and there was given unto him a great sword." Yes, the red in our flag is reminiscent of wars in our past history; prophetic too, perhaps, of wars in which we may be involved in the future. The question is often asked whether it can ever be right for a Christian nation to go to war. We are talking much of national pre-

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paredness, of a larger army and navy, of citizens trained in the science of war, and there are not wanting many serious, earnest, high-minded men and women who see in this movement an alarming tendency toward that very militarism which has plunged all Europe into the present insanity.

We are all agreed, I think, that war is in itself "a son of hell," as Shakespeare called it, or plain murder, as Lowell called it.

"Ez fer war, I call it murder—

There you hev it plain an' flat.

I don't want to go no furdur

Than my Testyment fer that."

War is murder, wholesale murder.

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“Thou shalt not kill” is a divine law which applies to nations as well as to individuals. The heart of Christianity is forgiveness of enemies, patience, mercy, generosity, love; and the end of Christianity is life—life more abundant. The heart of war is hate and the end of it is death.

“I am a pestilence
Sweeping the world—
Hate is the root of me,
Death is the fruit of me,
Swift is my stroke.

“Blood is the sign of me,
Steel is the twine of me;
Thus shall ye know me;
I am the death of life,
I am the life of death,
I am war!”

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Very well, then, says the pacifist, if you believe that, then the only heroic thing to do is to put your conviction into practice. The way to stop war is to stop preparing for it. Let America take the risk—success always is found, you know, on the other side of a risk—let America take the risk and set the example to the world of a powerful nation that is Christian and that proposes to “lay down arms,” thus challenging the rest of the world to come up to her high plane of national idealism.

To this the practical man replies, Peace at any price is not only a weak slogan but a wicked one as well. What! You would reduce us to a

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nation of mollycoddles, a nation of weaklings, the prey of every aggressive and unscrupulous foe, helpless to defend ourselves and impotent to serve our neighbors? You would tear the red stripes from the flag and leave only the white symbol of surrender? If you adopt the policy of the pacifist you may not be a coward but you are certainly a dangerous sentimentalist. Here is Mr. Roosevelt with his characteristic scorn of all opponents pleading for national preparedness. Here is President Lowell of Harvard with his story of the captain on the ship-wrecked Atlantic liner who refused to shoot the mutineer because "he was too near

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eternity to take life," though the shot would have saved a hundred people who were sacrificed by panic. "That captain was not a coward," says Lowell, "but his sentiments unfitted him for a responsible post in an emergency." Here is Edith Wharton with her recent poem on the flag, which she hears crying out against restraint:

"Oh, cut my silken ties

From the roof of the palace of peace;

Give back my stars to the skies,

My stripes to the storm-striped seas!

"Or else if ye bid me yield,

Then down with my crimson bars,

And o'er all my azure field

Sow poppies instead of stars!"

Now the reconciliation of these two


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conflicting points of view is found in the recognition of peace as the ultimate Christian ideal and in the recognition of present national military preparedness as a necessary approach to that peace.

Brute force has its moral sanctions, sanctions that we all recognize. Civilization may raise, and actually has raised to a higher level the reasons which lead to and precipitate the appeal to arms, but it has not as yet given up its appeal to force in order to maintain order. The organization of social instruments of coercion is still necessary to secure the observance of law. Might, indeed, is not right, but right must be supported by

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might. We have a police force to which appeal may be made if men do not treat each other justly, if parents will not treat their children with humanity, if the well-being of the community is threatened. I shall not condemn a man as un-Christian if he be a policeman. I shall not condemn a member of the militia who responds to a call from the government to quell a riot. Force is necessary to maintain order even in a democracy. Can we hope, then, in the world as it actually is to-day, to dispense with force in our national and international relations?

The question from a Christian standpoint is *non militia, sed malitia*.

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It is not the position of the soldier but the disposition of the soldier that is in question. A nation is not to be judged as Christian or non-Christian because it is at war, but because of the motives which involve it.

War is devilish, but there is something far more devilish than war, and that is submission to wrong. Peace is heavenly, but there is something far more heavenly than peace, and that is defence of the right. Concord witnessed to that principle, and Lexington, and Valley Forge. Gettysburg witnessed to that principle, and Antietam, and Missionary Ridge. It is for us to see that we are prepared to defend our liberties. It is

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also ours to see that in the hour of war we are able to face the whole world unashamed of our national conduct and to avow with William Watson:

“In earth’s hearing we can verily say,
Our hands are pure; for peace, for peace
we’ve striven,
And not by earth will he soon be forgiven
Who lit the fire accursed which flames to-day.”

In other words, the red of our flag stands for sacrifice; it is the color of the wine in the eucharistic cup, the color of the blood poured forth by the Captain of our salvation. It stands for a national life not stored up for selfish ends but laid down in service of others. Every Christian theologian will tell you that the death

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of Christ was salutary for the race, but not one of them on that account excuses Judas or Pontius Pilate or the envious, plotting ecclesiastics who hounded Him to His death. And that same mystery of atonement, with its abiding values, lies hidden in the agonies of war. The thing in itself is wrong, and woe to him through whom the offense cometh, but when it must needs be, then the Christian, like his Master, the Christian nation, like the Christian individual, must face Gethsemane and even Calvary, assured that under the divine compulsion of evil to good ends the issues will in the long run be salutary to the race.

“All the nations involved in the

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present struggle are," to quote the Editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, "learning the same lesson at the same time. All are engaged together in the bitter but salutary process of discovering their souls!" One often hears a sneer at Isaiah's prophecy of the time when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks. But that is not merely a prophecy. It is an obvious and terrible fact. The sword *is* a ploughshare ploughing up the souls of nations for a new spiritual seed-time and harvest; the spear *is* a pruning-hook lopping off the unhealthy growths that have been choking and stunting national life, making it

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smug and selfish and godless. There is a peace that is despicable.

“Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,

When the poor are hovell’d and hustled together, each sex, like swine,

When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie.”

There is also a war that is noble. And “it lightens my despair” when I see the red in the flag and know that it challenges American citizenship to strive, yes even unto blood, rather than surrender one principle of American democracy.

“We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,

And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind.

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It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill!"

The president of Harvard University has recently proposed a league to enforce peace. "The kernel of the proposal," he says, "the feature in which it differs from other plans, lies in the obligation of all the members of the league to declare war on any member violating the pact of peace," that is, upon any nation which as a member of the league resorts to arms before submitting its dispute to an international tribunal. Such a league would be an effective means of maintaining peace, but to be effective it would mean, of course, that each participating nation would be able to

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furnish its quota of "warriors for peace."

The plan impresses me as wise, as sane, as practicable. It is but another argument for national preparedness, preparedness for something more than defense, preparedness for a share in compelling a world peace.

Let us give ourselves to the President's ideal of a trained citizen soldiery. The plan has been called Utopian. I suppose it is, for you remember that in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* "they detested war as a very brutal thing," and yet they accustomed themselves daily to military exercises "that in case of necessity they might not be quite useless." Switzerland is

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Utopian, but the boundaries of Switzerland are preserved inviolate. Training camps like that at Plattsburg and the one at Fort Sheridan may be Utopian. We are glad they are. "In case of necessity they will not be found useless."

God bless the nation, and may the red in the flag never be dimmed by mere self-interest. God bless the President and keep his vision clear, his judgment sound, his spirit undaunted. And God bless the issues of this terrible conflict, that out of this universal bath of blood, humanity may rise new-born, "new-pithed, new-souled, new-visioned up the steeps to those great altitudes

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whereat the weak live not," but where those live who have come up through great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood—yes, of the Lamb whose sacrifice is shared by all those who battle and suffer for the right as God gives them to see the right.



WHITE FOR PURITY

OUR flag is not a solid field of red. If it were, it would stand for bloody revolution, lawlessness, anarchy. Our flag is not a solid field of white. If it were, it would stand for weakness, submissiveness, surrender. There is something worse than war, and that is submission to wrong. There is something better than peace, and that is war for truth and righteousness and honorable peace. The red stands for means, the white symbolizes ends. The red represents contest; the white represents character, won through striving even unto blood. But it is

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the white, remember—the white of vision, of the light of ideals, of moral quality—that alone justifies the red. Historians have now before them the proclamations or dispatches of Emperor Napoleon and the dispatches and reports of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. I am told that there is not one report or proclamation issued by Napoleon in which “glory” is not mentioned or one in which “duty” is referred to, and that there is literally not one report or dispatch of the Duke of Wellington in which the word “glory” occurs, nor a single one in which “duty” is not set forward as the central thing.


The white, then, stands first of

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all for our national vision, the white light of our national ideals, the one great dominating purpose of the republic which determines our duties of citizenship. "Where there is no vision the people perish." America has always stood in the eyes of the world as peculiarly the place of vision, the home of ideals, the land of promise. The immigrants, approaching our shore for the first time, crowd the side of the ship, straining eager eyes to the west to catch the first view of the new, the promised land. They come from an old civilization to a new world, out of the past into the future. Slavs there are from the land of Copernicus and Huss, Kosciusko and

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Sobieski and Pulaski; Italians there are, and we call them "dagos," yet I shall never forget that every time we sing "Hail Columbia, happy land," we are immortalizing one of these dagos, and every time we sing "America" we are immortalizing another. Yes, and when the sinking ships flash through the storm their silent prayers for help, and other ships turn and sweep to the rescue, the name of another dago "is written in the everlasting book of pity." Men and women from the land of Homer and Pericles, men and women from the land of Vikings, swart sons of Nineveh and Babylon, fair chil-

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dren of the land of Sagas, sad people
out of Palestine—

“Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.”

And what is it that they see as they
approach our shore? A colossal figure,
the Statue of Liberty, bearing
aloft, with arms outstretched, not the
sword of Eden’s warning cherubim,
saying “Beware and begone”; not a
great bag of gold, as if to say, “Here
is wealth, here is riches, here is idleness,
here is nothing to do but fatten
in the sun;” but a light, a torch, as
if to say, “Here is light for your path,
here is opportunity to grow, here is

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a fair chance, here is a white country and, whatever your skin, here is a place where the white of your clean soul shall give you rank and station and an equal chance.”

The great ideal distinctly American is the ideal of democracy, and if you ask me to define the democratic ideal I reply: “It is the recognition of the personality in all sorts and conditions of men.” Back of the democratic form of government is the democratic ideal, and that ideal is an ideal of human nature, is the essentially Christian ideal of human nature, that “there is neither circumcision nor uncircumcision, Jew nor Greek, barbar-

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ian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all in all."

Everybody knows the definition of democracy in those immortal words of Lincoln, at Gettysburg; words for which he was indebted to the Boston preacher, Theodore Parker, who had spoken of government "over all the people by all the people for all the people"—not government of the people by the bosses for the trusts, not government of the poor by the well-to-do for the rich, not government of the well-to-do by the poor for the benefit of demagogic leaders, but a fair chance for everybody. Denial of that central principle is treason to the white in the flag.

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The flag is menaced every time an individual or a firm puts money gain above the good of the whole community. It is menaced by every man who thinks he can be a good American and live off the community instead of for the community; by everyone who puts vulgar commercialism above clean hands in politics, in business, in private life. People often misjudge America. They call us vulgar money-getters. They deny us any real culture. They point to our political graft. They cry shame at our economic evils. But, if they look deeper, if they enter more intimately into the spirit of the American people, they will find what Professor

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Peabody has called “an inexpugnable and persistent faith in ethical idealism,” an hereditary strain of moral seriousness which registers in the constant, unceasing battle for economic and political reform and for the triumph of the high principles embodied in our Constitution. We are not committed to any such base ideal as “material prosperity.” We do not as a nation put money first. We do not as a people write across our colors the miserable whine—“A man must live!” We will not

“. justify

Low shift and trick to treason high

By that self-evident reply,

‘A man must live!’

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“There are times when a man must die.

Imagine for a battle cry,

From soldiers with a sword to hold—

From soldiers with the flag unroll'd,

This coward's whine, this liar's lie:

‘A man must live!’ ”

The white, then, stands for the national vision of democracy. It also stands for national virtue. There is solemn need to ponder the warning of Mr. Bryce in his “American Commonwealth”: “The more democratic republics become, the more the masses grow conscious of their own power, the more do they need to live not only by patriotism but by reverence and self-control; the more essential to their well-being are those

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sources whence reverence and self-control flow." The sharp, concise warning of Matthew Arnold is still in order: "Moral causes govern the standing and the falling of men and nations. They save or destroy themselves by a silent, inexorable fatality." When we speak of national preparedness to keep our place honorably among the nations of the earth, we need to get down to what Kipling calls

"The imperishable plinth of things,
Seen and unseen, which touch our peace."

We need to realize afresh that the theory of ethics and the evidence of history concur in teaching that the

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destiny of a nation is determined at the point of moral decision. Many a nation has been submerged in its own prosperity. Not trade, nor crops, nor ships, nor armies, nor navies are the guaranties of national security and peace. Rome went down because personal forms of vice had been translated into public life. Drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness sapped the energy, the will power, the self-reliance of the people, and the nation lost its recuperative and reproductive powers. The two great causes of the fall of Rome—one directly moral and indirectly economic; the other directly economic, but vitally, essentially moral—were


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drunkenness and slavery. The white of our flag protests against many stains on our national life, but these are among the chief ones:

The liquor traffic costs us three times as much as meat, five times as much as shoes, seven times as much as tea and coffee, ten times as much as our public schools, and fifty times as much as preaching the gospel. It costs us \$7,000,000 to care for the inmates of our almshouses, and 75 per cent. of them are there directly or indirectly from drink. Our criminals cost us \$60,000,000, and 75 per cent. of this crime can be traced to drunkenness. It costs us over \$13,000,000 to care for the insane, and one-fourth

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of the insanity can be traced directly or indirectly to drunkenness. It is the greatest economic blot to-day on our national escutcheon.

And slavery still threatens the nation; not black slavery but white slavery, and I mean by that every kind of industrialism which depreciates the human stock by ruthless exploitation of flesh and blood without safeguards of life and health and happiness. I haven't time to expand this theme. I only recall a remark of an American statesman in 1912, when, speaking of the prevalent social unrest, he said: "We are on the eve of a greater crisis than that of the civil war." Already in this country,

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and not once or twice, we have felt the “under-dogs” rising and heard them growl, and seen them leap at the throats of their oppressors; the signs of economic unrest have been portentous here perhaps beyond the signs in any other nation. It is the red of the flag struggling for the white of freedom and equal liberty for all.

But, finally, the white stands for victory. The white in our flag stands for the triumph of virtue in the national life and in your life and mine. White is not absence of color. It is not a blank and colorless thing, negative and non-committal, but “a vivid, separate thing, like pain or a partic-

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ular smell.” It does stand for God’s forgiveness; let us never forget that. It does stand for robes that were stained but are made white through the merciful love of the Father for His penitent, returning child. But it stands also for a positive attitude on the part of man. “Mercy,” as Chesterton puts it, “does not mean not being cruel; it means a plain and positive thing, like the sun,” a positive tenderness and kindness and love. “Chastity does not mean abstinence from sexual wrong; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc”; virtue is a bigger thing than innocence — it is something won through conflict. White is the color

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not of the skulker, but of one who goes forth conquering and to conquer.

The flag is not merely an ornament. It is a symbol ranking next to the cross and the sacraments. If it is rich with glory, it is also crammed with risks—it is the boast of yesterday, the hope of to-morrow, and every true citizen is continually purifying the white in it by his own imperishable contribution. Don't stain it. Keep the white in it pure, at whatever cost of red effort.

"God end war, but when brute war is ended,
Yet shall there be many a noble soldier,
Many a noble battle worth the winning,
Many a hopeless battle worth the losing.

Life is a battle,
Life is a battle, even to sunset."



BLUE FOR RELIGION

“THE bluejackets of '61”—“navy blue”—the very color suggests at first an essay on naval preparedness. But blue is not, primarily, the color of the navy. Blue is, first of all, as Ruskin never wearied of pointing out, the symbolic color of the nature of God Himself. “And they saw the God of Israel; and there was under His feet as it were a paved work of sapphire;” “and above the firmament was the likeness of a throne as the appearance of sapphire.” It was the color of the robe of the ephod worn by the high priest, the color,

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according to tradition, of the seamless robe worn by our Lord; and all artists without exception have given this color to His mother, for there is not, I suppose, a Madonna in existence which the painter has not draped in some exquisite shade of blue.

Blue, then, stands first of all for religion.

“All political questions,” said Mazzini, “become sooner or later social questions, and all social questions become sooner or later religious questions.” “Religion,” according to Plutarch, “is the bond of all society.” “Religion,” according to Burke, “is the basis of all civil society.” “Of

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all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." These are the words of Washington.

Browning is even more inclusive:

"Religion's all or nothing.

It's no mere smile of contentment,

No sigh of aspiration, sir,


No quality of the finelier tempered clay

As its whiteness or lightness,

But stuff o' the very stuff, life o' life."


Civilization is dependent for its very existence upon character, and character is dependent upon religion. It was not adventure, it was not chance that laid the cornerstone of the American nation. Qua-

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ker and Puritan crossed the sea that they might worship God and practise righteousness according to the dictates of their consciences. They may have put the blue laws into Connecticut; but they put the blue into the flag as well, the blue of loyalty to the God of heaven and earth. The name of God may not appear in our Constitution, but the sapphire of the pavement under His feet is stamped upon our colors and dyed deep into our national life. "*Civis Romanus sum*," said St. Paul—"I am a Roman born, a citizen of no mean city"—and we can feel the thrill of patriotic pride in the apostle as he says it. *Civis Americanus*

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sum—I am an American citizen—is the proud claim of every citizen of the republic. But there was another claim, a larger profession of citizenship, a loftier note of patriotism uttered by St. Paul and uttered by us to-day—"Our commonwealth is in heaven!" Our citizenship is in heaven! "The most ubiquitous fact in history," as John Fiske said, "is the instinct in us for God," and the highest patriotism salutes in the blue of the flag the God in whom we trust, the God whose flag is

"The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky."

Now the Christian Church is the

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witness to this element, this basal factor of our national life.

The Church is the witness to God, to His claim upon our allegiance and to His imperatives of personal character and social conduct. Some men forget that. They are inclined to give honor to God and to sneer at the Church. They say they love God, and yet they withhold their support from the Church. They call themselves truly religious, and yet they never attend the services of the Church. They are safeguarded and supported in their highest standards of morality by the organized forces of religion, and yet they think we might get along very well without the Church.

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Some of them remind me of the little boy who wrote an essay on the great fire of London, and said: "It did a lot of good. It purified the city from the dregs of the plague and burned down eighty-nine churches." But the Church is no parasite, no "beggar at the door of the world, representing a ragged sentimentalism and twanging a feeble harp for pennies and smiles. She is not an uncredentialed wayfarer whining for alms from a charitably inclined public opinion." The Church is the ambassador of God. The robe of her ephod is all of blue. She is dedicated to the worship and service of God. She is His interpreter to the nation, His

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witness before the people, His prophetic voice of warning and pleading, of stern rebuke and of tender, wistful love. She never gives up the fight for the heavenly ideals. She never is browbeaten into silence by the lower standards of opportunism. She keeps holding aloft the banner of hope, the banner of blue, crying:

“On to the edge of the waste,
On to the city of God.”

The blue, as I said in the beginning, is also the color of the Madonna and Child, of motherhood and childhood, of the family life of our land. Never before in the history of the race has womanhood occupied the

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prominent place that it occupies to-day. Feminism is the dominant note in our novels, our drama, our poetry, and, I might also add, our politics. Woman rises up and claims for the first time equal rights with man, in education, in economic freedom, in political rights, in the moral demands to be made by society upon men and women alike.

"I am the woman, ark of the Law and sacred arm
to upbear it,

I am also the mother, and under the sword
Which flamed each way to harry us forth from
the Lord.

I saw Him young at the portal, weeping and
staying the rod,


And I, even I, was His mother, and I yearned
as the mother of God."

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Yes, the mother! And, after all is said about vocational training for women and political activities for women, and public careers for women, motherhood will ever be the fulcrum of woman's largest power in determining the life of the nation. I am one of those who believe not in woman's mere equality with man, but in her superiority. "Nothing," as a modern essayist says, "can overcome, for example, that one enormous sex superiority that even the male child is born closer to his mother than to his father. No one staring at that privilege of motherhood can quite believe in the mere equality of the sexes. Even the vaguest and most brutal

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man is womanized by being born." The duties of a mother in the home may be dull and wearisome, but who can call them narrowing or petty or uninfluential when, like the queen of an empire, she is mistress of the ethics, the art, the literature, the worship in that domain where a nation is preparing the next generation to stride still further up the heights?

When our great Cathedral was begun at the national capital in Washington—a glorious building that is rising stone on stone to its full majesty when it shall stand as a splendid shrine symbolic of our religious ideals for the nation—the first stone laid was the cornerstone of the chapel

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of the Holy Nativity, as if to say, "The beginnings of our religious life are at Bethlehem, are in the sacred family life where God stoops down to enter human life, and where even His only begotten Son is given into the keeping of another." And it was a child's hand that laid that corner stone, as if to say, "It is the children upon whom depend the foundations of the republic and of the Church of the living God."

Yes, it is the childlike spirit of simplicity and wonder and purity of heart that the nation needs, even among its leaders. "Except ye become as little children" needs to be


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written across the flag of the country and across all our national life.

If I had time I could prove from statistics that the solution of our criminal problem, of our social-evil problem, of our industrial problem in the main, and of our great Christian problems, goes back to the education of our children in those broad and deep religious principles which beget solid moral character and genuine Christian conduct. As the father of one of our living poets said, "The way to transplant full-grown trees is to do it a long time ago." The Church at present cannot do it, though it can help. Our public schools cannot do it, though they can help. The Sunday

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schools cannot do it, though they are doing their utmost to help. Only the fathers and mothers can do it; and most of them are not beginning to do all they can do to help. About one-third of them depend on the Sunday school, for statistics show that about one-third of the children enrolled in our public schools are in Sunday schools as well. But in Sunday school we have even at best a “short-weight” education. We devote thirty minutes a week to religion—we’ll call it an hour if you will—one hour a week to religious education, or forty hours a year. The public schools devote more than one thousand hours a year to the three R’s—reading,

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writing, and arithmetic—the equivalent of twenty-five years in Sunday school, and we still wonder why our children do not know more of the Bible and the Church and the fundamentals of the faith.

And blue is the color of loyalty. Everyone knows what “true blue” means. It means the very opposite of “yellow.” It means, in Professor Royce’s words, “the willing and practical and thorough-going devotion of a person to a cause.” And I want to dig further into the meaning of it and lay down a principle in governing our loyalties. This is the principle: The lesser and more personal and immediate loyalties are to be governed and

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determined by the larger and broader and more remote ones.

A while ago, at Cooper Union, in New York, a labor leader in an impassioned speech cried out: "Better be a traitor to your country than a traitor to your class." That, in my opinion, was a treasonable utterance, because he put the lesser loyalty above the larger. He put his labor union above the national union.

Yes, and I have heard a man say: "I am not interested in missions; we have enough to do right here in the parish." That is treason to the larger loyalty to the whole Christian Church and the religious needs of the whole world.


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Yes, and I have known Churchmen whose loyalty became bigotry and whose devotion became narrow partisanship because they forgot that loyalty to the Anglican communion is conditioned by the larger loyalty to the Catholic Church universal; and loyalty to Catholicity is conditioned by still larger loyalty to Christianity, and loyalty to Christianity lies within the circle of the still larger loyalty to absolute truth.

Not otherwise, then, must our national loyalty be interpreted. First of all, loyalty to God; and, within that, loyalty to the whole human brotherhood; and, within that, national loyalty; and, within that, state

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loyalty; and, within that, civic loyalty; and, within that, community loyalty; and, within that, parochial loyalty; and, within that, domestic loyalty; and, within that, loyalty to self.

Red, white, blue—there they are, the colors of the republic, and they are the symbols of great principles of righteousness and truth and justice which are worth defending. Put your life behind them. Let them really represent your ideals. Live them. If necessary, die for them. They are the colors of your country.

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They are also the colors of your
Church and of her holy faith.

“Fight for the colors of Christ your King;
Fight as He fought for you.
Fight for the right with all thy might;
Stand by the Red, White, and Blue.”

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